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The Maine Catholic Historical Magazine

VOL. III. WATERVILLE, MAINE, JULY, 1914. NO. 1.

Published monthly, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portland, and the Maine Catholic Historical Society

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THE BISHOP'S HOUSE,

PORTLAND, MAINE, Jan. 20, 1914.

Rev. dear Father:

The annual financial statement of the Clergy Relief Fund is herewith enclosed.

According to the Diocesan Statutes, Tit. iv, 36, 37: "Ne Presbyteri senes, infirmæ valetudinis, aut ministerii laboribus fracti, non habeant in senectute aut in morbis unde sustententur, instituta est Societas Diocesana "Clergy Relief Fund" nuncupata. . . . Singuli Diocesis presbyteri quotannis in hanc societatem conferent decem dollars. Si in aliqua paroecia aut missione constitutus sit sacerdos qui ad Clerum Diocesanum non pertineat, tunc parochus solvet pro illo decem dollars.

The right to the three Masses depends in justice on the payment of dues.

All dues and arrears are to be paid during the month of January each year.

Notice of the annual Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the deceased priests of the Diocese will be sent each year in November.

The Clergy Fund is administered by a Board consisting of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, President and Treasurer; Rev. T. H. Houlihan, Secretary; Rev. T. P. Linehan, P. R., Rev. A. Dugré, Rev. H. Gory, Directors; the Directors being assisted by the Clergy for three years.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ LOUIS S. WALSH,

Bishop of Portland.

DIOCESE OF PORTLAND

CLERGY RELIEF FUND.

Annual Statement January, 1913 to January, 1914.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1913.....	$12,726 07	
Subscriptions	620 00	
Interest in Savings Banks	427 28	
		$13,773 35

EXPENSES.

Rev. E. Etenaud (pension)	$300 00	
Rev. J. Raimbault estate.....	200 00	
Temporary loan	250 00	
Printing and Administration (Chancery)	75 00	825 00
Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1914.....		$12,948 35

STATEMENT OF ASSETS.

Deposits, Savings Banks	$11,006 47	
Loan to Church in Diocese	1,000 00	
Cash on hand in Chancery.....	941 88	$12,948 35

Outstanding dues are not included in this account, but the Reverend Fathers are respectfully urged to pay all arrears as soon as possible.

RT. REV. LOUIS S. WALSH, D. D.,
President and Treasurer.

Rev. T. H. Houlihan, *Secretary.*
Rev. T. P. Linehan, P. R.,
Rev. A. Dugre,
Rev. H. Gory,
Directors.

DIOCESAN CHRONOLOGY FOR JUNE

June 6 Ordination of Rev. M. J. O'Keefe for Diocese of Portland, at Rochester, N. Y.

10 Visit to Little Diamond Island, to decide on some repairs and improvements.

11 Visit to Bangor and Bar Harbor.

12 Canonical visit to Convent at Bar Harbor. Inspection of all property on Mt. Desert Island. Return to Orono.

13 Confirmation at St. Joseph's Old Town in the morning, and at Indian Island in the afternoon. Usual salutes and music at the Island.
Returned to Bangor, St. John's Rectory.

Sun. 14 Rt. Rev. Bishop preached on Catholic Education at St. John's and St. Mary's Churches.
Confirmation at St. John's Church in the afternoon.

15 Conference with several priests in and near Bangor. Return to Portland.

16 Rt. Rev. Bishop presided at Solemn High Mass and festivities in honor of the Silver Jubilee of Rev. J. N. Desilets, at St. Mary's Church, Lewiston.

17 Rev. M. J. O'Keefe assigned to the Cathedral in Portland.
Addition to Convent at Sanford approved.

18 Visit to So. Berwick, canonical visitation of Convent.
Summer stations of Wells and Ogunquit attached to Kennebunk parish.
Rev. John Keegan is assigned to work in the Diocese.

19 Visit of Rt. Rev. Bishop to all the Catholic Schools in Portland, medals blessed by Holy Father given to each child.

Sun. 21 All the graduates of St. Joseph's Academy of Maine, of Cathedral Catholic Girls High School, of Kavanagh and St. Dominic's School and of the Catholic institute for Boys, assist at Solemn High Mass at

the Cathedral. Sermon by the Rt. Rev. Bishop on Catholic Education.
Confirmation at St. Joseph's Academy in Deering in the afternoon.

22 Graduation Exercises at St. Joseph's Academy at Deering. Short addresses by the Rt. Rev. Bishop and Rev. Dr. Wm. J. Kirby of the Catholic University.

23 Graduation Exercises of all the Catholic Schools in City Hall Auditorium. Addresses by Rt. Rev. Bishop and His Honor the Mayor of Portland.

25 Rev. George Gleason, S. S. assigned to Grindstone Neck Mission for the Summer.

26 Rev. Jas. P. Gorman assigned to the Sacred Heart Church, Portland, and Rev. J. P. Flynn to Bar Harbor.

27 Visit to Winthrop, Confirmation in the afternoon; thence to Dover, Maine.

Sun. 28 Confirmation at Henderson (Brownville Junc.) in the morning and at Dover in the afternoon.
Return to Bangor, St. Mary's Rectory in the evening.

29 Visit to Bar Harbor accompanied by Rev. J. McCarthy, P. R., of Bangor. Plans for a schoolhouse at Bar Harbor agreed upon.

30 Conference with all interested parties on schoolhouse at Bar Harbor.
Return to Portland in the afternoon.

THE MAINE CATHOLIC HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

The Bishop's House,

Portland, Me, June 26, 1914.

Rev. dear Father:—

The Maine Catholic Historical Magazine has been published for one year, July 1913-June 1914. As in all such cases it must speak for itself.

We thank the priests and people who have generously subscribed or aided in its work. It has done a valuable work during the past year, as will be seen more clearly as time goes on, and is to be continued under the same auspices and management during the coming year.

In July the subscriptions should be renewed and new subscriptions secured. I hereby respectfully request and urge the priests to speak about the Magazine on Sunday, July 5th, and ask the people to generously coöperate by subscriptions, donations and even reasonable suggestions.

Each Pastor will please solicit the above subscriptions and donations, either personally or by some representative in the parish, and where there are assistants in any parish, one is to be named for this work, unless the Pastor thinks well to make it his own personal work.

The Magazine is:

1st, the official bulletin of all diocesan and parish documents.

2nd, to give all important unpublished historical documents on the past and present conditions of the Catholic Church in Maine.

3rd, to record any important Catholic news, diocesan or parochial;

4th, to record the educational and charity work of the Church.

5th, to publish devotional essays or letters and general notes.

The diocesan Chancery Office will pay its full share of the expenses. It is desirable to have from four to five thousand

subscribers in order to maintain its credit and do the work according to the spirit and laws of the Church, and carry out the plan of the present Holy Father, Pope Pius X.

Subscriptions $1 per year, life subscription $20. All subscriptions and donations are to be made out to the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine, and sent to the Chancery Office, Portland.

A meeting of the Maine Catholic Historical Society will be held in October of the present year.

With all apostolic blessings for those who coöperate in this important work, I am,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

✠ Louis S. Walsh, D. D.,

Bishop of Portland.

UNSELFISHNESS

To every man give that which most he needs,
Do that which he can never do for you.
Thus live you like the spring that gives you water,
And like the grape that sheds for you its wine,
And like the rose that perfume spreads for you,
And like the clouds that pour in rain for you,
And like the sun that gladly shines for you,
And like the earth that bears you in her lap,
And like the dear God, who with loving eye,
Looks down and cares for you until you die.

R. S. W.

July Devotions

Holy Mother Church brings home to us this month the love of Christ for souls and its proof in the ransom which He paid for them. The month, then, dedicated to the mystery of the Precious Blood should be one characterized by a spirit of sacrifice. It is apt of itself to call for sacrifices. The heat is hard to bear. Put up with it cheerfully. You may have to remain at your post, when others more favored can leave theirs. Your moderate means or it may be your poverty, prevent your even having a short trip. Blessed are the poor—yes, the poor in spirit. If you do go away, the church may be at a distance. Shall this be an excuse for staying away from Mass? Would the same distance on a week day be too long a walk for pleasure? Walking is out of the question, and a conveyance is necessary; but the expense? You would spend the amount perhaps, on Monday, for an excursion. But the hour is inconvenient! Inconvenient! when there is question of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. But the church is small, the music bad, the preacher uninteresting. City people are liable to make themselves ridiculous by their odious and invidious comparisons. All these afford excellent matter for mortification. Make the most of them. Then what opportunities for gossipers and scandal. Mongers at summer resorts! Don't consort with them or encourage them. A great temptation you say. Yes, and a great act of mortification. Be on the alert, then, at home and abroad to advance the honor of the Precious blood in your own soul and those of others.

"I have not lived so long that I can pass
A yellow flower hiding in the grass,
Nor walk with empty hands where pebbles shine;
I call such small things of the meadow mine."

S.

Assistance at Mass

The vacation season has at length arrived and with it our inland and shore resorts are rapidly filling. About every body of water of any importance in our State has its cottage or Summer camp colony. Not a few of these rustic villages are within hailing distance of many of our cities, and we frequently meet parties from the camps in town during the course of the week, see them gathered about the soda founts or coming from the movies, but we do not always see them at mass on Sundays. Many have planned a vacation but they have not taken God into consideration; they have forgotten that there can be no such thing as a vacation in matters pertaining to religion. Some are very careful about the water supply and table luxuries. The weary body is indeed well cared for, in fact so well so, that one is in doubt as to its being really benefited by the perhaps well earned vacation. When we see many of our young girls betaking themselves to the free and easy conditions of camp life, remaining at these promiscuous resorts week after week unattended, we often wonder what the dear mothers are thinking of, for they surely were not brought up that way. Recreation is all right but it must be taken in the proper way and under correct surroundings, things which we do not always encounter at our lake and seaside resorts.

Our Catholic people should remember that their summer vacation does not give them any license to miss mass, and that this is one thing they should see to before settling in any resort for the summer. Holy mass is now so generally celebrated at our summer resorts that it is hardly necessary for any person familiar with our State to select a place where he will not enjoy this blessing. In fact we may say that if any stranger takes the trouble to look ahead a little in advance, he should easily find a place where he may enjoy bodily recreation at the same time that he complies with all his religious duties. A stranger of course coming into our large State, in a hit or miss sort of way, if at all anxious on this point, may find himself at a place where he must make some little sacrifice to assist at Mass, for it is not yet possible for our Rt. Rev. Bishop to have a priest and a church on every island of our rugged coast, or by every lake and pond, or on every forest stream waiting for the coming of the summer tourist.

It has however been a source of edification to many a priest who has been the recipient of letters of enquiry from good

Catholic people coming from afar to spend a few months or weeks in our State. They have already learned about its beauties, its health giving properties, but they wish information, and that first handed, as to what they may expect in the line of church services for they would not think of going to a place where they cannot hope to assist at mass at times even daily to say nothing about Sunday. As we write these lines we have in mind a retired American army officer who last season frankly told a summer hotel keeper that he could not think of remaining in a place over Sunday where he, his wife and daughter could not attend Divine services. All three were daily communicants whenever circumstances permitted.

As one of our exchanges has well remarked "If we forget God in our plans to make the present life happy, we cannot ask God to give us happiness in the life to come."

Any of our Catholic people may well imitate the retired army officer whose efforts were not made in vain, and which may in God's own time be productive of good untold, even beyond his fondest anticipations.

"As You Sow."

Do you wish for a kindness? Be kind.
Do you wish for the truth? Be true.
What you give of yourself you find,
Your world is a reflex of you.

For life is a mirror. You smile,
And a smile is your sure return.
Bear hate in your heart, and erewhile
All your world with hatred will burn.

Set love against love; every deed
Shall, armed as a fate, recoil;
You shall gather your fruit from the seed
You have planted in the dark soil.

O. L. V.

The First Religious Reception in York County

The Feast of the "Visitation" will be long remembered by the people of South Berwick, Me., for on that day three young women were received into the Order of St. Joseph, a teaching community of St. Michaels' Parish. The Church was practically filled, although rain was falling heavily.

At 3.30 P. M. the procession left the Rectory, headed by the cross-bearer, acolytes, and some twenty Altar boys, following came the Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh, assisted by Rev. T. P. Linnehan, P. R., of Biddeford, and Rev. Lawrence Fahy, S. M., of St. Mary's College, Van Buren, Me. In the Sanctuary were seated Rev. Father O'Brien, Pastor of St. Michaels, Rev. Father Francois, P. S. S., of the Grand Seminnary Montreal, Rev. Father Brennan of Somersworth, N. H., Rev. Father Southerner, S. M., of Salt Lake City, and Rev. James A. Hayes, assistant at St. Michaels' Church. The young women who received the white veil were Miss Angelina Bolduc of Somerworth, in religion Sister Lois Joseph; Miss Alma Parè of Biddeford, Sister Mary Dennis, and Miss Mary Angela Benoit of South Berwick, Sister Rose Benedicta. After the reception the Bishop preached a beautiful sermon on the meaning of the ceremony.

The touching ceremony closed with Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Many who saw for the first time such a ceremony was visibly moved, and we feel quite certain, that on that day the seed was sown which will grow to a mighty tree, beneath which many daughters of St. Joseph will take shelter.

JAMES A. HAYES.

Spiritual Retreats

About this time every year, thousands of priests and religious retire from their parochial, scholastic and missionary duties and devote themselves in solitude to the exercises of what is called a "Retreat." From time to time during the year these retreats are given to the laity, men and women, in houses set apart for this special purpose, and it is gratifying to note that they are growing in favor with all classes.

To one who is familiar with these exercises, nothing is more amusing than the vague notion concerning them entertained even by Catholics.

Unfortunately most people associate activity with some bodily exercise, or with the variety and distractions attendant upon intercourse with others. Hence, the false impression that a retreat is a time for idleness, monotony, and dreariness, or something very mysterious, suited only for men and women in peculiar circumstances. Many would be surprised to learn, that a mission embraces much of the substance of a retreat.

Therefore, before forming any opinion about a retreat, the simplest thing would be to make one. Opportunities are plentiful and invitations pressing.

But then comes out the old Protestant objection to the retreats given by the founder of this good work, ascribing their virtue to the craft and cunning of the author.

Many of our Catholics think that a retreat is good enough for priests, for religious, or for a person deciding his or her vocation, or when one feels moved to repent thoroughly of the past, and lead a perfect life for future, etc.

But, what is a retreat: A retreat is work, downright, serious application of every faculty of the soul and body, a work so intense and absorbing that all else must be set aside, so jealous of distractions that it must be done apart from our usual business and social associations. Hence the name retreat.

Volumes have been written on the exercises of St. Ignatius, which are nowadays the substance of nearly all retreats. But the exercises themselves as written by the Saint are wonderfully simple and easy to follow.

Who is there that lives from year to year without some trouble of conscience, some disorderly motive or habit, some difficulty of mind or heart, be it of doubt or diffidence, in the service of God. Who is there that is always entirely at ease, and free from scruples and spiritual delusions?

Who has his imagination always under control? Who can be fully satisfied of what he knows of Christ? Who is there that grasps the principles of eternal life as strongly as he grasps those of temporal life? Blessed are they that have the opportunity and seize upon it. It is a sure way of knowing and following the will of God, and of entering upon immortal life. May all appreciate and as many as possible embrace their opportunities of making a spiritual retreat.

O. L. V.

THE HOLY FLAG IN NATURE

All nature sings wildly the song of the free,
The red, white and blue floats o'er land and o'er sea;
The white in each billow that breaks on the shore,
The blue in the arching that canopies o'er
The land of our birth, in its glory outspread—
And sunset dyes deepen and glow into red;
Day fades into night, and the red stripes retire,
But stars o'er the blue light their sentinel fires,
And though night be gloomy with clouds overspread,
Each star holds its place in the field overhead;
When scatter the clouds and the tempest is through,
We count every star in the field of the blue.

S. H. S.

Catholic Educational Association

One of the truths most strikingly brought before the American people by the eleventh annual convention of the Catholic Educational Association held at the beginning of this month at Atlantic City was the fact that the Catholic Church is now educating in a Christian way in her schools about 1,700,000 children who if they remain true to the principles now being instilled in their youthful minds must become later on the staff and support of the American Republic. Thinking people of all classes that have the welfare or future of our country at heart are beginning to realize in part at least the position of the Catholic Church and the great work that is being done in a quiet but nevertheless effective way for the maintenance of Christian manhood. As Catholics we have long since been convinced that education without religion gives little or no assurance to the endurance of our free institutions. In years past, many have stood behind our much vaunted public school system and have been loud in their denunciations of the position taken by the Catholic Church in the great question of Christian education. While perhaps realizing that the great historic Church which has always fostered and protected true education in which at the present day she is making such marvellous progress, could have no wish to destroy in any way the universality of education afforded to every man by our public school organization, they nevertheless continued to obstruct and oppose her in the great work of uplifting mankind by claiming her to be the enemy of education and of wishing to destroy the usefulness of our public school system.

While there are many who yet refuse to recognize her position, and the great work she has accomplished, multitudes are standing aghast at the results which a Godless education is beginning to show. For them the harvest time has now come. They see in the youthful degeneracy of the present day, in the lack of respect on the part of youth for their elders, in the absence of that Christian modesty so common in the past generation, in the easy and lax morals of the day, in the loss of all reverence for Divine revelation, the inevitable result of mental development without those supports provided by the Creator.

There was a time when it was only the authorities of the Catholic Church who had the courage to raise their voice in protest. Many a heroic Bishop and priest had to descend into

the arena in defiance of public opinion to defend the self same principles which the vast majority are now by the very trend of circumstances forced to admit. It is now no longer the Bishops and priests that have to bear the brunt of this magnificent work. The great body of the Catholic American people stand with them shoulder to shoulder as is evidenced by the interest taken in Christian education from one end of our country to the other. The one desire of the Catholic Church and her children is that the American Republic may endure, but one and all realize that the golden future promised it depends on the moral as well as the intellectual character of her citizens.

Catholics are not alone today in their position; there are many honest and right thinking non-Catholics who are ready and willing to admit the justice of our claim and to give us at the same time a helping hand. They desire as ardently as we do the stemming of the Godless torrent now threatening the very stability of our country. We had this fact brought home to us only a few days ago by a leading minister of the Methodist denomination, a man whom we personally know to be zealous and energetic in his work, the sincerity of whose utterance we have no reason to suspect. A Saturday afternoon while on our way to one of our distant missions we chanced to meet him. He stated that he was going to address the graduating class of one of our Normal schools on the morrow. He mentioned the address of Bishop Walsh, printed in our last number, to the student body of the University of Maine, expressing his approval of the same and stated that he had used it in his sermon to his congregation the previous Sunday, urging his people to stand with their Catholic brethren in their opposition to Godless education.

Besides the great number of children being thus educated in our Christian schools, another fact placed in evidence by this educational meeting or convention was that of its cost. We all know that our good Catholic people have had to go deep in their pockets to maintain their schools, but in this they have had the assistance of our devoted religious orders and sisterhoods which had enabled the Church to educate her children at about one-half what it costs in the public schools. According to figures given the annual expense per pupil in our schools ranged from $12 to $17 whereas in the public schools the same scholar might be educated at a cost verying from $34 to $36 per year.

Our Catholic schools are in fact a part of our public or organized charities which we carry along not only for our own good but as well for the future well being of our country. In this we have the constant assistance of those devoted bodies of heroic men and women who have given up their lives for the

betterment of their fellow creatures, seeking in their earthly career only the mere pittance necessary for the provision of their daily bread.

In addition to the number of our youth being thus educated, the cost and self-sacrifice thereby entailed, due prominence was given to the number of our educational institutions. It was shown that there are now in our beloved country upholding the cause of higher education under the fostering care of the Catholic Church eleven universities, 500 colleges and academies to say nothing of the many parish schools now flourishing under the Christian example and teachings of the good brothers and sisters who have made this their life work.

If the past has been difficult for the Catholic Church in the matter of Christian education, the future seems filled with promise, for with the support of a united people, with the encouragement of those who like us are seeking for the substantial and virtuous things of life, we may look forward to years undimmed by the vices of the present, when religion and education will walk hand in hand leading us and our children to that glorious inheritance which we fondly hope Almighty God has in store for the American Republic.

"ESTO FORTITER IN FIDE"

We pass today from Learning's shrine,
  And ah, what *is* meets what is *not;*
Within the temple tapers shine
  In every hour and every spot.
We part, but meet again in dreams,
  As 'round the altar of the night,
Far-distant stars send down their gleams,
  To blend in one embrace of light.

We part to greet the coming years
  That lead the way for youthful feet,
With memories sweet 'mid smiles and tears,
  Of Alma Mater's dear retreat.
And as we pause where light and free
  A murmuring river on its way
Comes rippling down to join the sea,
  Its white waves whispering seem to say:

"Be strong in trust, the Lord is Power;
The Lord is Light and Life's True Way.
Be faithful in the trying hour,
Till breaks the everlasting day.
And now, launch forth, the time is here,
With store of joy and warbling lay;
No thought of anxious trembling fear,
With boundless trust set out today."

Arise, for we have much to do,
With little done, great things to be.
If strong, yet firm and ever true,
Know, then, the world has need of thee.
The way we tread is dim or light,
And fame is left for human deeds;
It rests with God to lead aright,
We look to Him in all our needs.

Why should we dwell upon life's pains,
Its changes, bitter strife or storm?
Look up, confide, nor think it strange
That blessings come in lowly form.
Calm is the sea in silver sleep,
And calm the waves that sink to rest;
More peaceful than the tranquil deep
Are souls that lean upon God's Breast.

How grows the day of human power?
Oh, see, what lonely lights remain!
Man's empire like a ruined tower
Is short lived. Only God is gain.
The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
Adore Him, circling everywhere,
Within, beyond the blessed gate.

Where never waves of tempest roll
Upon those shores of splendor bright;
And echoes borne from soul to soul,
Float upward, ever in the light.
Then sing out paeans, loud and clear,
Till we have reached the distant heights;
For loving trust rejects all fear,
When burns the torch of Faith's pure light.

St. Joseph's Academy, Deering, Me.
June 22, 1914.

History of Education

A short time ago, a splendid article by Rev. William Turner, D. D., of the Catholic University of Washington, appeared in the Catholic Educational Review under the heading "Sources of the History of Education."

From among other things the writer has stated, we quote the following:

"A generation ago, the chief sources from which objections to Catholicism were drawn were the dogmatic system of the Church, and her external life as an institution for the salvation of souls. Her dogmatic definitions were made the object of attack by rationalistic writers; her career in European politics was cited by the popular pamphleteer as proof that one cannot at the same time be true to one's country and faithful to the Catholic creed; the lives of the popes were brought into the discussion and one was more or less irrelevantly challenged to reconcile the conduct of eminent ecclesiastics with the Church's claims to sanctity. Today the brunt of the attack is directed against the Church as an educator. Vague ideas are entertained as to what she should have done for the intellectual as well as the spiritual uplift of the race, and very definite adverse criticisms are pronounced on her career as the teacher of the nations. Wherever the history of education is taught, statements, either wholly false or only partly true, are repeated on the authority of some popular writer, and teacher as well as pupil too often rely on the unsupported assertion of some mere compiler, who has little or no acquaintance with the original literature of his subject. In the more noisy world of controversy, the lesson of the class room and the paragraph of the textbook furnish material for accusation and denunciation, so that there has been created a very definite state of mind hostile to Christian education, to such an extent that, to some, at least, there seems to be an organized conspiracy against the truth.

A glance at the manuals most commonly used in teaching the history of education will convince even the most indifferent that nowhere is educational reform so sadly needed as in the department of the history of education."

The article is a plea for a more thorough exploitation of the original sources of educational history in the early Christian and mediaeval times; and goes on to prove that from the first century of the early Christian period to the fifth we have the

most authentic Catholic sources, and so on down through succeeding ages to the present day.

Further, our attention is called to the fact that data before criticised lacks scholarliness; then, more reliable methods are pointed out for the future historian of education to follow, in dealing with the attitude of the Catholic Church towards educational work and educational progress.

Finally, the student is referred to the vast amount of material scattered through the volumes of the Catholic Encyclopedia. Much profit may be derived by studying the condensed statements of the Catholic point of view in the article entitled "Education."

The article from which we have given an excerpt affords some very strong points of criticism on a number of well-known and much used text-books on the History of Education, besides laying bare those prejudices that have narrowed the author's vision.

It also gives a reliable list of sources to draw from in this valuable department of study.

Speaking of the audacity of some compilers in making unfair statements, the writer recalls Newman's sharp reprimand to the same offenders: "Not a man in Europe now, who bravely talks against the Church, but owes it to the Church that he can talk at all." And so of all others.

S. A. G.

The Three R's and Another R

Commencement days have come, and the annual crop of salutatory, valedictory and baccalaureate sermons and addresses have been harvested and the graduates of schools and colleges and universities have been feasted on the harvest.

These annual discourses have become a permanent institution in our educational life, and might afford us an interesting subject of study. Their aim is high, albeit, sometimes hazy. The speaker is assumed to be a kind of seer or prophet. One who has gone into new lands, and comes back with the discoveries of the explorer; one who has climbed the heights, and looked into the future, and now comes down from the mountain, and unfolds his vision, and tells those in the valley what they must expect, and what they must do if they would succeed to the future.

If there be one note which may be detected as common to all these discourses, it is the intimation that success in merely material things is worthless, either as a prize, or as an equipment of life; that something more than the material, something higher than self must allure and protect, and can alone satisfy the heart of man, that only the spiritual can lift him above the material; that only the eternal can protect him against the gravitating power of the earthly. Translated into other words; religion is an indispensable element of our life, or that life is a failure.

Another note is becoming more and more emphasized in these discourses: it is the fear that purely secular education has failed. These speakers deplore the fact that the betterment of life has not been coincident with the extension of education; that the men and women who stood where these graduates now stand, equipped with all the educational advantages which the school or college or university had to offer them, have not been a power and an influence for the best in life, but that abandoning their high ideals, their selfishness has but increased the selfishness and sin and crime of the world. And the new graduates are warned by the failure of those who went before them; are told to shun the base, and to hold fast to the higher things; to walk on the clouds and keep their head in the heavens.

These addresses are inspiring, the aim is high, the advice is good, the graduates are stirred, and high resolves are formed, only forthwith to be forgotten, as they come down from the heights, and mingle with the mob, and are caught in the eddies

and whirls of selfishness and sin, against which they have been so lately but impotently warned.

These addresses are good but futile; for it is futile to expect that a half hour address, however, inspiring, can make up for what is wanting in a life long training. How can they expect the young men and women going forth from the schools and colleges to live in the spiritual when the very effect of their system is to ruthlessly exclude the spiritual? How can they breathe the air of the heights when they have been formed and moulded in the valley of low desires? How can they dwell amid eternal things when the eternal has no place in the scheme of education? The discrepancy between what has been given them, and what is expected of them, might lead the young graduates to believe that the speakers were trifling with them had they perception enough to discover the discrepancy.

And the graduates of these schools and colleges and universities who are already in the world, and are now reproached for their selfishness and sin, might with some justice lay the blame of it at the door of the school or college or university that sent them forth without equipment for high and spiritual things. 'Why demand, they might ask, that we keep our eyes on heavenly things when they have been trained only for the earthly? How can you expect us to pursue high ideals when our training reckoned not with them? Why tell us to avoid selfishness when it was only the selfishness in us that you educated and developed? You have been a false mother to us when you nourished not our moral life, and dwarfed our spiritual faculties, and starved our soul. You have been a blind seer, for you pointed not out to us the true value of life, nor the high value of our being, nor the higher state to which we were destined. You have been a false prophet, for you told us not the real conditions that were to confront us in life, and warned us not of the battle and strife that would be ours, but spoke only pleasant things to us, but false, and so brought us to ruin and disaster. You have been a false educator, for you did not direct our minds to truth but to the mere husks of it; you did not bring out the godlike in us but the merely animal; you did not develop in us the moral power to withstand the torrent of temptation that would assail us from within and without; in the hour of conflict we have fallen because you did not arm us with the weapon from on high. Rather, you robbed us, either in a positive or negative way in your system of godless education, of that power or religion which alone could enable us to win in the battle. We had faith and reverence and religion when we came to you from our homes, but you robbed us of them or left them to languish for want of nourishment. You expect us now to wield the sword of the spirit, when you developed in us neither the strength or the dexterity to wield

it. You expect us to walk unto the mountain of God, when you gave us not the sustaining food. We had pure hearts and high resolves, but under you we have lost the one and despised the other. You expect us to be spiritually minded, religious, moral beings, when you ignored these elements in our nature, and thereby bred in us scorn for them. You expect us to gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles, to make bricks without straw."

So might those reproached with failure in the battle of life retort that they were sent forth unequipped and unarmed for the conflict. Indeed some of the speakers of the present season either darkly hint or openly protest that they cannot expect their graduates to succeed where religion is excluded from their training and development. Indeed no less a person than the Vice President of the United States is quoted in the daily papers of May 18, as saying: "That one of America's ills today is that there is too much science in the so-called educational system, and too little God Almighty." And he goes on to say: "The State is permitted to mold children from the age of six up through the time when they are going through colleges where many of the professors are agnostics and atheists. But now the church is awakening to the fact that children should be reared in the way of Christian faith from the nursery upward. I believe that there is in this country today a great spiritual awakening and the church is beginning to see that it has turned over entirely too many of its functions to the State."

A greater than the Vice President of the United States has laid down the principle "Seek first the kingdom of God." That word is truth, and only that system of education which builds on this truth can hope to be a true system of education, and one fitted to develop the nature of man according to his needs.

Commencement, St. Joseph's Academy, Deering

"Equal to the best in its educational aspects and superior to all in its religious atmosphere." Such was said of St. Joseph's Academy by Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh in a very recent address and this characterization was fully attested in a concrete and convincing form at the 32d annual commencement exercises which were given yesterday afternoon in the general assembly hall within the academic walls. To the honored roll of graduates were added Misses Honora Elizabeth Lynch, Portland; Lucy Juanita Mahar, Brownfield; Dorothy Carmel Day, Portland; Clara Agnes Lally, North Adams, Mass.—classical science course; Misses Kathlyn Helen Hassett, Rumford Falls; Mary Azilda Perro, Old Town; Margaret Mary McGonagle, Portland; Mildred Chaplin Chase, Portland; Anna Frances Dolan, Portland;—English science course; Miss Marguerite Louise Landers, commercial course. The motto was "Esto Fortiter in Fide; the class colors, lavender and gold; the flower, the sweet pea.

Friends of the graduates and the academy, members of the alumnae and others began to assemble soon after 2 o'clock and many halted on their way to the main hall to look with delight upon the lovely and beautiful exhibition of hand painted china all of which was done by the students. The various pieces covered nearly a dozen tables tastefully arranged and conspicuous in the center of the room were two tables the very creditable contribution of one of the graduating class, Miss Lucy Juanita Mahar.

In another room were shown the skill attained by the student in embroidery, knitting, crochet, etc., and this display was captivating to the eye. In both departments of work, suffice it to say, the standard was well kept up to that of recent years, and this should be accepted as commendation indeed.

Just before the time announced for the beginning of the exercises Bishop Walsh accompanied by several of the local and visiting clergy walked down the main aisle to their seats near the platform. Among the visitors were seen Rev. Father O'Brien of South Berwick, Rev. Father Linehan of Biddeford, Rev. Father Quinn of Yarmouth, Rev. Father Bovine of South Paris. Soon after this, the entrance march was played when the whole student body headed by the graduates with the little

tots bringing up the rear entered the hall by twos, all being in spotless white, the seniors carrying pretty arm bouquets of dainty flowers. All passed to the back of the platform and then re-appeared by two, each set making its graceful bows to the clergy and audience as it reached the center of the platform. Last of all appeared the graduating class and when the bows of courtesy were all over the student body retired leaving the graduates to the seats placed for them on the platform.

At this time the hall was packed and the assembly overflowed to the large hall where extra seats were arranged, an impressive background to all being the Sisters of Mercy who were gathered on the stairways leading to the upper story, whose black sombre garb contrasted with the pure white of the graduates to be seen at the further end of the hall.

The "Entrance March" which opened the programme, by Misses Cecelia Hanley, Ida Robitaille, Grace Marriott, Irene MacDonough, was especially fine and the students were enabled to show the repose and grace of manner which the instruction and training of St. Joseph's Academy successfully seeks to impart. A well balanced and resonant chorus "Come Where the Fields" was sung after which Miss Juanita Mahar, the salutatorian, spoke of the Christian atmosphere which surrounds the Academy and the gratitude due to Right Reverend Bishop Walsh, to the spiritual directors and the Sisters of Mercy. The high ideals placed before the pupils were set forth and greeting extended to all who had gathered.

In the class poem, "Esto Fortiter in Fide" by Miss Clare Lally, the power of faith and trust in God, and the decline of all that fails to embody the principle of faith were dwelt upon with a vigorous call to rally around the Star of Faith.

"Woman's Sphere in Life," the essay by Miss Dorothy Day, enunciated principles upon which the basis of a woman's life should be established, in regard to social and domestic duties. Better for woman to look first to her own calling in life, seeking to make home atmosphere happy and pleasant.

Miss Mildred Chase said of "Science" that it is necessary from many view points, health, acquaintance with the ordinary phenomena of every day life. Science not only gives her rotary a better idea of even commonplace things but renders her a more intelligent member of society.

Miss Margaret McGonagle in a recitation, "Our Trust" embodies entire reliance on the power of God as strength in such trust, while "The Relation of Music to Religious Worship" was well described by Miss Mary Perro who spoke of its adaptation, music being "the language of the soul." One of the emotions consequent on music is the artistic always closely allied to religious emotions, one serving to intensify the other.

Miss Anna Dolan in "Happy Days in Deering" treated in an ingratiating humorous vein of important points of the class experience in the four years course, a sort of interesting chronicle of class events of pleasurable memory and "Looking Forward," by Miss Kathryn Hassett, depicted each member of the class in some suitable vocation or profession, this prophetic vision coming to the author from her flight in an aeroplane.

In the "Symposium of the Year" the grammar grades produced a very happy concert personifying 12 months of the year and the seven flowering months. The Angel of the past bids farewell to the class and confides them to the Angel of the future.

The "Minims Greeting" in well expressed French was a cute little offering while the French recitation by Miss Kathryn Hassett deserves much praise for its fine accent.

Miss Honora Lynch in her well prepared Valedictory maintained that God is the vital principle of our education and she disclosed how God broods over all that is being done. He being the ultimatum of peoples and history, it follows He must be the ultimatum of education. She expressed gratitude to all concerned in the instruction of the class and paid tribute to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh, thanking him for his presence and the benediction and fatherly messages of which he was the bearer from the Sovereign Pontiff.

The literary features of the programme were happily interspersed with musical numbers all chosen with a due regard to musical values and splendidly executed. The selections were artistic and the rendition grateful to the ear, reflecting much credit on the musical department of the academy.

The exercises being over, the Right Reverend Bishop Walsh made an address embodying congratulation, commendation and counsel.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Kirby of Washington University was introduced by Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh. Dr. Kirby spoke in a few forcible well-chosen words to the effect that a happy ignorance is more commendable than an unwise pursuit of knowledge. The Rt. Rev. speaker urged the young lady graduates to guard and cherish their high moral standard and womanly virtue.

The graduates received their diplomas with appropriate remarks and the academic honors were bestowed as follows:

GOLD MEDALS.

Gift of Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., awarded Miss Honora Lynch, Christian Doctrine.

Gift of Rev. J. W. Houlihan, awarded Miss Juanita Mahar, French.

Gift of Mr. John J. Linehan, Worcester, Mass., awarded Miss Kathryn Hassett, Music.

Gift of Mr. Wilfrid A. Hennessy, Bangor, Me., awarded Miss Honora Lynch, Mathematics.

Gift of Judge Ritchie, St. John, N. B., awarded Miss Mary Perro, Music.

Gift of Mrs. Wm. E. Warner, Providence, R. I., awarded Miss Honora Lynch, English.

Gold Cross—Gift of Mr. Richard Neville, Buffalo, N. Y., awarded Miss Mary Perro, Church History.

Academy Gold Medal—Awarded Miss Dorothy Day, Latin.

Advice to the Knights of Columbus

On the occasion of the annual state convention of the Knights of Columbus held recently in Chicago, Ill., the assembled knights were addressed on the value of the Catholic Press and the support they should as a body give to it, by Bishop Muldoon of Rockford, Ill.

After paying the usual compliments to the eminent body of knights from the different councils of this great western state, the Rt. Rev. Bishop placed before them a field well worth their best energies. Taking up the work of the Catholic press, and Catholic literature, he made a very strong plea in behalf of their making a united effort to use the great order which they represented for the dissemination of Catholic truth.

"Let me ask you above all things else," said Bishop Muldoon, "to use this great power for the dissemination of Catholic literature. This is absolutely necessary today. Catholic reading matter must be in every home to explain the faith and to give solid argument wherewith to defend the Church and all the Church means for you and the country. To keep abreast of the times you must be readers of Catholic literature. The priest must study and read to fit himself as a worthy disciple of the Master. If this is true for priests how much more necessary is it for you laymen to study your faith and current Catholic events. In urging you to subscribe to Catholic papers, magazines and books, I do not wish to deprecate in the slightest the good that is being accomplished through your official papers. The improvement seen in them is most gratifying, but after all these are only the organs of your society work. The great wide sphere of Catholic activities is outside their reach, but

appropriately falls within the realm of our Catholic papers and magazines. I cannot believe that where the true spirit of Catholic knighthood exists there is unwillingness to make a sacrifice for Catholic literature. If you are readers of your organization papers only, your range of vision and your power for defending the faith are very limited."

The Bishop then touched on one of the great defects that may and is very liable to creep in to local council chambers to such an extent as to nulify their otherwise laudable purposes. "At times," observes the Bishop, "We encounter councils that have very little life in them, and that seem to have no purpose in their existence. They tell you that they are searching for some good work to do. Their meetings are poorly attended because they are uninteresting and they do not know how, they say to make their meetings more attractive. If such councils would form themselves into agencies for local Catholic papers, expend some energy in circulating Catholic pamphlets, have debates on Catholic subjects they would find that the council would grow and thrive."

In touching on the point the Bishop doubtless called attention to a condition which in many places destroys the usefulness of this body of Catholic men, for there are many councils that seem to have no purpose of existence, that have never been identified with any public good, or educational move. They may sometimes have many representative men among their membership but their monthly meetings are consumed by local ambitions or jealousies, and we find a suspicion of one another that paralyzes any possible good they might otherwise accomplish.

The idea of the Bishop is perfectly true and always works out along the same lines. When a body of men banded together in any society, busy themselves solely with its aims and purposes, they become narrow and the field of their usefulness correspondingly contracted; but when they look beyond the narrow confines of their association they usually see where the sphere of their usefulness may be extended both for their own good as well as that of their fellow men.

In their magnificent offering to the Catholic University, in their educational campaign against Socialism, in their support of missionary movements in certain States a step in the right direction has been taken, but in addition to work of this kind, the individual knight should aim to perfect himself along lines such as those outlined by the eloquent Bishop of Rockford.

Irish-American Defection from the Church

In the current issue of "America" we read, with surprise and regret, an article on "Language, Religion and Immigration" in which the writer agrees with the late Abbé Guibert, S. S., who, writing in a French periodical, asserts that "Catholicism has suffered a frightful loss among the Irish emigrants to the United States"—a loss placed at not less than 20,000,000! This loss, or "apostasy," avers the Abbé Guibert, is due to two causes: lack of a special language and lack of priests from their own land.

The charge made by Abbé Guibert, and to which "America" gives prominence, is identical with that made last January by a writer in La Croix of Paris and reproduced in its entirety by "Les Cloches de Saint-Boniface" in its issue of February 15. We have already challenged the truth of the statement made by La Croix and reiterated by the Abbé Guibert in regard to the number of Catholics of Irish descent who have been lost to the Church in the United States. It is useless to attempt to assign causes for a condition of things which has no foundation in fact. Whether we call the defections which have taken place from the Church in America "apostasy" or not, whether we say that they have been due to the peculiar conditions confronting certain classes of immigrants in this country is largely a matter of opinion based upon the point of view of the writer; but it is quite a different affair to assert that 20,000,000 Irish Catholics have been lost to the Church in the United States. Such a statement is not only incapable of proof, but is very easily disproved by reference to the official statistics of the United States Census and of the Commission of Immigration.

About two years ago the Right Reverend Bishop Canevin of Pittsburg, published a pamphlet, in which he made an examination, historical and statistical, into the losses and gains sustained by the Catholic Church in the United States from 1790 to 1910. It is the most recent and reliable work on this subject, and is based upon a critical examination and comparison of statistics, the correctness of which cannot be challenged. From data based on the rate of natural increase (births over deaths) and the increase of immigration, the author ascertains the entire Catholic population of the United States at the close of each decade and shows that, estimating the foreign-born Catholic

population at the highest percentage allowed by the census and immigration reports, and its natural increase in each decade at a rate much higher than the average natural increase of the whole population, the entire number of Catholics to be accounted for at the end of 1910 was 18,483,320. How, then, is it possible that the Church in the United States has suffered a loss of over 20,000,000 from defections among Irish Catholics alone?

In this pamphlet Bishop Canevin gives a tabular statement showing the number of foreign-born persons in the United States at the close of the year 1910. From this he estimates the number of foreign-born Catholics by taking the percentage of Catholics in the population of the country from which the emigrants came. An examination of this table shows that the total number of foreign-born Irish-Americans amounted to 1,351,400 of which 1,013,550, were Catholics. It is preposterous to state that this number of Irish immigrants have furnished the 20,000,000 Catholics of that race who, it is alleged, have fallen from the ranks of the Church in the United States.

Even though we grant that a large number of Catholic Irish were sent to this country as slaves and scattered through the colonies where facilities for keeping up their religion were entirely lacking, it is the veriest nonsense to assert that the few shiploads consigned to slavery on American soil caused so enormous a loss. Nor can the fact that Irish immigrants had to marry Protestants, according to a Protestant ceremony, be held accountable for anything like this loss; for in mixed marriages the Catholic Church could, in a strict census, claim not more than one-half of the off-spring and cannot be charged with the loss of great numbers of her children on this score alone. Of course, it was unfortunate that Catholics were subjected to such unfavorable influence; but it is not so much a question of the cause of these defections as of their number, and there is not the slightest foundation in fact for asserting that the Catholic Church has lost 20,000,000 of her children, including all nationalities, or even one-tenth of that number.

It is regretable that a periodical of the standing of "America" should lend itself to the propagation of such an unfounded statement as that made by the Abbé Guibert and in which "America" concurs when it says: "We are inclined to place the figure not far below M. Guibert's."

We are glad to be able to state that plans are now being made to ascertain the exact number of Catholics in the United States. Until that work is completed, the pamphlet issued by Bishop Canevin of Pittsburg must stand as the most reliable document available on this question.

The Catholic Bulletin.

Local Interest

Some time during the Consulship of Plancus, a class of boys and girls were awaiting a visit of the school committee. The teacher had trained them to execute all the usual evolutions of such an occasion. The three men entered and the exercises began. Two members of the committee were quite content to let the teacher show off the tricks of her charges, but the third was of a different kidney. He brought the whole school to attention by the pistol-shot question:

"Who can 'bound' this town?"

It was a poser. 'Bound' France, Switzerland, Oregon or Rhode Island? Yes. But the town! Several pathetic trials were made. Finally one youngster raised his hand, arose and standing midway between pride and bashfulness, 'bounded' the town. The other boys looked at him reproachfully as at one who eats stolen apples alone.

The committeeman was exultant and doubly so. He had caught the class and he had found a young foster brother. He delivered several pithy remarks about teaching that ranged all over the universe and never came home, and the advisability of school children knowing something about the place where they were born. The class was well coached in local boundaries after that visit.

The course in geography is the most costly in the curriculum of a country; it is taught mainly by wars. Few knew whether the Philippines were islands or a game until That Dewey Fourth of July morning. People had an idea that Anthony Hope had discovered the Balkans until the Allies bearded the Turk. Mexico to the ordinary citizen looked something like cactus on a sandy waste with Maximilian against an adobe wall and Gen. Taylor in the foreground waving a sword, until the sphinx called Huerta became a household world.

Great fires, strikes, outrages and murders have their classes in geography, high salaried ones, and the people study their lessons in the newspapers and magazines. It is a very haphazard affair like the learning of the man who studied three volumes in the middle of the encyclopedia.

If you live in a city or town where famous men or women were born, or important events took place, you learn about them from strangers who come from afar to do honor that you are too ignorant to pay. Like the school children, we know a great deal about countries across the ocean and matters that concern

us not a whit and rate ourselves well informed and, for all this, are twin brothers to the bedouins who boost tourists up the Pyramid of Cheops and squatters living in the shadow of the Parthenon on the Athenian Acropolis. We are "Bi-cyclopedias of useless information" and ignoramuses on the topic of local history.

A noted French writer (not devotional) in the preface to one of his books tells a story to point a moral.

On the floor in the vestibule of a house in an old Spanish city was an inscription:

"Here lies the soul of Pedro Garcias."

Some of the letters were worn away by the scurrying feet. The inscription had been there for centuries. Passers by, curious, musing, idle read it and went on. The city laughed at that queer epitaph. Finally came along a youth who decided that the man who wrote that inscription had a motive in so doing, and decided to investigate. He tried up the stone and found beneath a fortune which the owner dying, in bitter contempt of the money for which he had given his life, had hidden beneath the ironic inscription.

There are hundreds of such inscriptions in the State of Maine, each one richer far in true worth than Pedro Garcias' hoard, and the people of the State, inhabitants of various cities and towns, pass by unheeding. Boys and girls have grown up, generation after generation, lived near the treasures or gone away, knowing nothing of what they had missed. One of these days Macauley's New Zealander or a Japanese Marco Polo will delve and study in the streets you know so well, near the houses so familiar to you. Pilgrims from France, from Italy, from Germany will come here to seek some trace of the heroic men who did so much to enable you to attend Mass on Sunday, to have church and school—all the blessings of your Faith. When they push on like Crusaders to Saint Sauveur, Norridgewock, Castine—never mind the rest: I take the stand of Pedro Garcias—they will be thinking, planning how to obtain a little of the priceless historic facts you could have obtained so easily and have passed on to posterity. Can't you feel them walking over your grave?

I think it was Old Home Week that resulted in tablets being placed in Portland on the houses where were born Longfellow, Prentiss, Reed, N. P. Willis, "Fanny Fern" and many other famous Portland people of earlier days. It was laughable to watch people who had trudged those streets all their lives, stand and gape at the tablets. One youngster leaped into fame at a bound by declaring in school in answer to a question:

"Tom Reed was born in my bedroom."

No wonder merchants have illuminated signs.

A party could enter this State at Kittery with a car loaded with such tablets, pledged not to erect one except where some great event of our Faith took place, some heroic missionary gave his life in one way or another, some great Catholic man or woman was born—remember greatness does not depend on advertising—and when that party reached Eastport, Vanceboro, St. Francis, Boundary, not a single tablet would be left.

To a great degree Protestants have gathered togethed the fragments of Catholic history here, have visited and studied historic scenes that ought to be precious to us. I speak now of other years. I do not forget the Pilgrimage to Norridgewock, the exercises at Damariscotta, the Ter Centenary of Saint Sauveur. Everyone knows to whom the credit of these is due. I do not deny that something has been done by people who have the most to do, but the question in point is:

"What have you done?"

The early settlements and voyages, the labors of the pioneer missionaries are not merely history; they are also poetry, as may be seen from the ease with which Longfellow, Whittier and others have woven them into song. But let me tell you that the later ones are just as rich in opportunities, though nearer our own day and so, apparently more prosaic.

The foundation of a new parish, the building of a new church the jubilee of an old one, are all historic events even though from your point of view they are mainly memorable for vigorous collections. Every church built tells its story of sacrifice and energy—an epic in a way; but it should not be left for the church to tell the whole story.

Right here we reach the universal and pained protest: "Why, I'm no writer." Granted. But what of that? Do you know that there is hardly a town in the State, but has its local history? Do you suppose that the selectmen voted so much money to have a literary expert come and write it up? Not at all. The people who founded the town, the men who lugged the rocks for cellars and pounded the nails, jotted down important local events and dates, kept record of family births, marriages and deaths. Finally some one of the townspeople put together these notes in a book with lists of the various old families. So simple. Any child in school could do it. It does not demand literary gifts—merely local interest.

History is made up of little things. It used to be a record of the little things about kings and queens and powerful men. Now it is a record of the little things about the people, their progress, their industries.

If some small, unpretentious statement of facts had been kept by Catholic families in the past, we would have today

the material for a diocesan history of great value. A great deal can be done even now.

It is useless to make general observations with plain, particular directions which anyone so disposed may follow. The grown-up Catholics are too much occupied to take up a matter of the kind or else they are victims of that psychological paralysis that overcomes many people when they are asked to write anything. We have however a large number of young people in each parish; in the parish and public schools, in the academies and colleges. They are now on vacation, and will be all the better for something to occupy them.

We are in quest of information about past years, about distant places not easily reached from the great centers. In the first case, there are many families in which grandparents of the rising generation are still living and mentally active. Hardly one of these but has witnessed stirring and sometimes enthralling events in years past, matters of much local note. Why not have these reminiscences put in permanent shape?

First a title. We shall call these reminiscences; Recollections of Grandfather or Grandmother. Supposing that grandfather was born in the town or city where he now lives, or came there in youth. Things Catholic were vastly different in his boyhood from what they are now. Find out what these were: whether there was a church or people went to Mass in a hall or private house, the feeling of non-Catholics towards the Catholics, the non-Catholics who were notable for their fairness and charity, what nationality predominated in the parish in the Fifties for instance, what boys of the parish went to the front 1861-65 and their history, the changes that have taken place, new churches and schools, the missionary journeys of devoted priests of the parish now long dead. All these old people have related stories of old times to the children. Let us have these stories in black and white. There are numerous pictures of churches destroyed or burnt; it is easy to take copies of these. The same may be said of pictures of people of long ago. All these things have great value. Almost any boy or girl in the higher school grades ought to be able to write a good paper on the recollections of Grandfather. Now if all these were brought together, there would be quite a body of information, local history, otherwise difficult to obtain.

In the matter of places the work is easy and interesting. It is always an excursion, a voyage of discovery to visit some spot known to be associated with Catholic history of many years ago. Cameras are common and the use of them no great art. Older residents of a place always remember something about its past and are glad to tell it.

This article does not purport to be anything but the rough and ready ideas of a plain Maine Catholic who thinks too much of our local history has been lost or is in danger of it, and presents this plan as something upon which to work.

Therefore I propose that boys and girls who read this Magazine and who live near some place more or less celebrated in Catholic history, write a paper of say, one thousand words about it, or a paper of the same length about old times in the parish, or as suggested above, the recollections of Grandfather.

A time limit *can* be set for sending these papers to the Editor of the Historical Magazine. When they are all in, the best ten papers *can* be published, one at a time in the Magazine; five from the boys and five from the girls. Finally a prize well worth while *will be* awarded for the very best papers of all; one to a boy and another to a girl, the competition to be open to anyone going to school or college, or under 20. Lest the mention of college deter anyone from writing, let me say I have read papers by boys and girls in the ordinary schools that collegians would find it difficult to equal. Moreover in this case, the award would depend more on the facts obtained and their clear presentation than on any graces of style.

Let us see if there are not some good answers to the question of the old committeeman.

Our Part.

There's never a rose in all the world
  But makes some spray the sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
  But makes some bird wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
  Some silver radiance tender.
And never a rosy cloud but helps
  To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
  His dawnlight gladness voicing,
God gives us all some small sweet way
  To set the world rejoicing.

"Lyria."

The Catholic Church in Maine

Her Irish American Losses.

That excellent paper, "The Catholic Bulletin" of St. Paul, Minn., in its issue of June 20th, 1914, has given utterance to a very timely editorial on the question of "Language, Religion, and Immigration," considered in connection with the losses which the Catholic Church has suffered through the defection in part of her Irish Children on their arrival in this country. This theme has in fact been frequently considered and placed before the world in such a way as to lead one not acquainted with the real situation to conclude that the Celtic race has as a whole been less faithful in holding to those teachings which have cost it so much suffering in the dear old land, than have the other races that have come to people free America.

While quoting this interesting article for our readers, we wish to remark that America is not the only country where the Church has suffered losses, or the Irish people the only one reprehensible on this point. It is hard to see how the reasons alleged by the late Abbé Guibert or the article quoted from Le Croix of Paris should afford even a plausible reason for these losses,—for we have only to open the history of most any country you please to find their refutation. In the days of Martin Luther, the Germans had their priests and their language, yet how vast was their defection. When Henry VIII constituted himself head of the Church in England, the English people had their language and their priests, yet who will presume to measure the enormous losses that followed his impious revolt. When the reformers entered Ireland, the Irish had their priests and their language a fact which nevertheless did not prevent error gaining from the time honored faith of his forefathers, many an unfortunate child of the "Ever Green Isle." Go where we will, take up the history of any nation or race we please, and we shall find the facts ever and always the same, and that it consequently demands something more than a language together with kindred priests to hold our Catholic peoples within the fold of holy Mother Church.

With these general remarks before us we wish to make the application of the question to the Church in Maine.

After the close of the missionary period in our State which dates from the departure of the last of the heroic Jesuit fathers so prominent in our early annals, Fathers Syresme and Lau-

verjat were the only ones to represent the Church within our borders with the exception of a few scattered French families along the coast, were the Catholic Indians. While there were a few settlers of Irish origin prior to 1700 and even from that date on to the Revolution, Catholic Irish were not so numerous. Among the old settlers of York and Lincoln counties we find many names of unmistakable Celtic origin but we have little evidence that many of them were or should have been Catholic. Their ancestors were of course members of the Catholic Church, but their apostacy antedated by many years their coming to Maine, and when we remember that most of them came from the north of Ireland, we see that conditions existing in America were in no way responsible for their defection. It was only following the Revolution that our Catholic people begun to settle in any number worth mentioning and this was really when Church work was instituted among them by those zealous French priests whose names must ever remain household words in the history of the Church in Maine, Ciquard, Romagné, Matignon, and Cheverus.

It has always been said of the Irish people that they will accept any priest provided he comes to them duly approved. With a vivid recollection of personal intercourse with many of the old families who had been favored by the kindly visits of these men of God, we were consequently brought in touch with the happy souvenirs of their passing, and were able to learn how reverently their memories were treasured. Of the same faith, it is hard to see how their work would have been more effective had they been of the same race, as the authors in question would seem to demand.

We do not think the Abbe Guibert, S. S., or the author of the article quoted from La Croix could have had before them the glorious results attained by their fellow countrymen in the New England mission fields at the beginning of the past century, if they had we do not think that they would have been so ready to ascribe the loss which the Church has sustained on the part of her Irish children to two causes, i. e. that they had lost their language and that they did not enjoy the ministrations of priests of their own race. Were it possible to make a comparison between parishes where the Irish American people have existed under the rule of a priest of their own race and parishes where they have remained under the pastoral care of a zealous priest of no matter what nationality, we believe the comparison would not be unfavorable to the latter.

There have without doubt been losses on the part of our Irish immigrants as well as among their descendants who now claim homes within the limits of our State: So there have been and will be among the other nationalities now in evidence among us:

but the defections have not been anywhere near as numerous as these writers would have us believe any more than they have been on account of the causes alleged. The learned author of the article quoted proves it for our country in general and the same argument holds good for the conditions as they exist in our Diocese.

We cannot but deplore the loss of a single child of the Church no matter what may be his nationality, but we have not, thank God, to mourn them in such numbers as Father Guibert of La Croix would have us believe; for as the Bulletin well says, statistics do not support any such figures as those given for the Irish race, and were this true and we to take into consideration the lost children of the many other races that go to make up our population we would have at least one half that ought to be Catholic if they had remained faithful to the faith of their ancestors, which would be as absurd as it is to attribute the defections of those lost to the loss of their national language and lack of national priests.

We would it seem to us be nearer the solution of our losses in Maine, were we to assign three causes, namely lack of priests, isolation, and mixed marriages. When we reckon up the ravages made in the fold from these three causes, we shall find a goodly number of defections accounted for.

In the beginning of the last century when many were lost to the Church, the two or three priests that chanced to be established in Boston had for their parish all of New England. Should they be on the mission road all the time, and such was the case, they could not visit any family very often; but their zeal carried them to many a distant family that would have been lost were it not for their kindly visitations. While priests are more numerous to day, the increase in our population has more than made up for what would have otherwise been a surplus, so that there is hardly a diocese in New England but could find work for many more to say nothing of some of the dioceses which have not any where near enough.

The isolated family, whether from choice or necessity frequently finds itself so far from Catholic associations and influences that it no longer enjoys the many helps available when within the reach of church influence. Should it chance to be a numerous family or one of many children, then it would seem little short of criminal for parents to remain without necessity, especially when they can support their family just as easily if not more so in many a place where they may hope to enjoy the advantage of regular church attendance. Unfortunately many choose to remain thus, and when we realize their surroundings amidst the indifference and irreligion of the present day, we are sure that it requires a miracle of Divine grace together with

the most constant care to retain such a family in the household of the faith. Should a priest be able to visit them once or twice a year, it may help keep the children somewhat familiar with things Catholic, but with all this, the chances are greatly in favor of such a family becoming without their perhaps realizing it, Catholic in name only, and while they may never make any formal apostacy they are in truth but little different from the many unbelievers that today constitute the great majority not only of our Maine population but also that of our entire country. A permanent home among so many who have no religious practices, who believe little or nothing cannot be without its effect, hence we find here one of the undoubted sources of defection not only on the part of our Irish Americans now under discussion, but perhaps more so among the other races that have come to remain among us.

One of the most common causes of defection among our people of all races are mixed marriages, and if we find many among our Irish Americans that are lost through lack of priestly ministrations and isolation, we shall find quite as many drifting out of the Church because of this as we do for the other sources of leakage above mentioned.

From all parts of our country comes the wail because of the losses suffered by the Church in the marriages of her children with those who are not of the faith or have for the most part no faith at all. We believe however that the percentage of Irish Americans thus lost to the Church is not any larger than that suffered by other nationalities. The mixed marriage is nevertheless very destructive for all as is amply proven by experience. The great trouble is that in many cases the Catholic party is taken far away from Church influences. We might cite examples of many Catholic women thus situated in our State. Some of them have come as the domestics of this or that wealthy family to pass the summer months in their service. While here the acquaintance of some local young man was formed which eventually terminated in a union not always in accordance with the laws of the Church, which at once spells the loss of the Catholic party. We have now at hand a letter from a Catholic woman living at least 25 miles from any Church; she wishes to arrange for the baptism of her child which is by the way about a year old. She states that she is ashamed of this, and by way of apology alleges that she does not know a single Catholic this side of San Francisco. Settled on one of our farms, with hardly any means of transportation available, one easily sees the situation. Her husband may be a fair and decent fellow, but at the best what can he know about the spiritual needs of his Catholic wife and her longings for the consolations of Mother Church.

Not long ago, a lady came into the vestry at the close of Mass in one of our missions chapels. Some 20 years past, we had her as a child in Sunday School and remembered her as the daughter of a good old Catholic Irish family. She stated that she was married to a non-Catholic and was living in a small village some 30 miles distant from any place where she could attend services. As far as she knew she was the only Catholic in the place.

Not so long ago, we were called to attend a Catholic woman living at a distance of some 50 miles. Arriving after a toilsome journey, we found her husband would not permit us to see her. Her condition was serious, but expostulations were vain with him. We managed to gain access to the sick room only to be evicted. The woman died that very night. And yet he married her under the usual promising conditions, and was perhaps as kind to her as his circumstances permitted, yet even though instructed as far as possible, what did he know about the spiritual needs and necessities of his dying wife, or what encouragement could we expect him to give her in the practice of her religion.

Every priest with any experience on the mission doubtless meets many similar cases. They are to be found not only in Maine among our Irish American people, but throughout the length and breadth of our country among all races claiming affiliation with the Catholic Church. Here as elsewhere they constitute a very common source of leakage from the Church both as regards the individual and his or her posterity.

We might go on indefinitely citing cases in confirmation of the Church losses from isolation and mixed marriages which we all know are many and deplorable in their results. We all know the large percentage of children that are thereby lost to the faith to say nothing of their fathers or mothers that usually lapse into a career of indifference or neglect of their Christian duties through lack of encouragement which deprives them of whatever consolations our holy faith brings to the practical Catholic amid life's many cares, as well as the assurance of any participation in that eternal happiness which awaits faithful man beyond the grave.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MAINE.

EARLY HISTORY.

Father Druillettes' 2nd Winter on the Kennebec.

It was about mid-winter as we have seen when Father Druillettes reached the Indian habitations along the Kennebec on his return from his first trip to Boston. The winter snows lay deep on the hills about Cushnoc as he sought his rude shelter at St.

Mary of the Assumption. Few were the luxuries then enjoyed in the New England homes, but simple and few as they were, there was no comparison between the comforts which they afforded and the meagre shelter offered to the Christian missionary among the Indians of our State. Did Father Druillettes remain at St. Mary's or did he accompany the tribe on its annual hunt to Moosehead we are unable to say. The probabilities are that his second winter in Maine was simply a repetition of his first, and that he was consequently a welcome guest of the Indians both in their forest wanderings as well as in their cabins along the Kennebec. Whatever may have been the case we are sure, they bestowed on their Patriarch as they lovingly called him, the best they had. But the best among the Indians was indeed most primitive, and could bring little solace to a European accustomed to the home pleasures of sunny France.

When able to arrange his own cabin, the Jesuit father provided a little peace and quiet, but he was still far from that comfort possible in the humblest and most neglected home in France. It mattered little whether he was cast on the banks of the Kennebec or the Mohawk, his daily existence was at most a pitiable one. There was perhaps no place in the world where the missionary was called on to endure greater privations or sufferings than in the wilds of North America.

"You have nothing in France comparable to the miserable barken huts we occupy in common with the Savages," wrote one of the fathers to his friends at home.

There were no cameras in those days to preserve portraits of these primitive dwellings; but the Jesuit fathers in the admirable descriptions given in their letters to their Superior, or some loved one at home, have made it possible for us to reconstruct them. So real are the word paintings given by the Relations that we almost see the Indian cabin before us in all its barbaric splendor. It was a close perusal of these remarkable letters which doubtless enabled the historian, Parkman, to leave for us in one of his many works, "The Jesuits in North America," the following beautiful description of the home life of a race now nearly extinct.

"In shape they were much like an arbor overarching a garden walk. Their frame was of tall and strong saplings, planted in a double row to form the two sides of the house, bent till they met, and lashed together at the top. To these other poles were bound transversely, and the whole was covered with large sheets of bark of the oak, elm, spruce, or white cedar, overlaping like shingles of a roof upon which for their better security, split poles were made fast with cords of linden bark. At the crown of the arch, along the entire length of the house, an opening a foot wide was left for the admission of light and the escape of smoke. At each end was a close porch of similar construction; and here

were stowed casks of bark, filled with smoked fish, Indian corn, and other stores not liable to injury from frost. Within, on both sides, were wide scaffolds, four feet from the floor, and extending the entire length of the house, like seats of a collosal omnibus. These formed of thick sheets of bark, supported by posts and transverse poles, covered with mats and skins. Here in summer, was the sleeping place of the inmates, and the space beneath served for storage of their fire wood. The fires were on the ground, in a line down the middle of the house. Each sufficed for two families, who in winter slept closely packed around them. Above, just under the vaulted roof, were a great number of poles, like perches of a hen-roost; and here were suspended weapons, clothing, skins, and ornaments. Here, too, in harvest time, the squaws hung the ears of unshelled corn, till the rude abode, through all its length, seemed decked with a golden tapestry. In general, however, its only lining was thick coating of soot from the smoke of fires with neither draught, chimney, nor window. So pungent was the smoke that it produced inflammation of the eyes, attended in old age with frequent blindness. Another annoyance was the fleas; and a third, the unbridled and unruly children. Privacy there was none. The house was one chamber, sometimes lodging more than twenty families.

He who entered on a winter night beheld a strange spectacle; the vista of fires lighting the smoky concave; the bronzed groups encircling each,— cooking, eating, gambling, or amusing themselves with idle badinage; shrivelled squaws, hideous with three score years of hardship; grisly old warriors, scarred with Iroquois war-clubs; restless children pellmell with restless dogs. Now a tongue resinous flame painted each wild feature in a vivid light; now the fitful gleam expired, and the group vanished from sight, as their nation has vanished from history."

Parkman's word picture gives us a faint idea of the surroundings in the midst of which lived our pioneer missionaries. It was without doubt amid scenes such as these, that good Father Druillettes betook himself on that February day 1651 on his return from his Boston mission. That he remained in any one home long does not seem probable, for his zeal doubtless took him from village to village along the river, and we may well recall the many weary hours spent slowly toiling through our snow bound forests, cheerless wanderings over trackless wastes, only to seek in vain for rest amid scenes such as depicted by the florid Parkman. From day to day, the same duties, the same doleful surroundings. "But if the years have their Winter, they also have their Springs. If these missions have their griefs, they are not deprived of their joys and consolations," writes Father Ragueneau in the Relation. "These latter," writes Father Druillettes, "I have felt in such intensity as to be beyond the power of expression, upon seeing the Gospel seed

that I had, four years previously planted in the ground which had for so many centuries produced only brambles and thorns, bear fruits worthy of God's table. Could one, indeed, without feeling a pleasure greater than that of the senses, see old men and languishing invalids almost die of joy upon receiving their passports for Heaven? Death which inspires all with fear, makes a newly-baptized Savage rejoice; and his relatives' faith changes their lamentations and loud outcries to thanksgivings and rejoicings at the prospect of soon seeing one another in Paradise. It is thus that the really faithful ones conduct themselves on the day of their departure from this life."

From the above we glean that the humble missionary, sought joy and consolation in the progress of our holy Faith among the Indians, rather than ease and comfort which after all would at the best be only transitory, whereas the fruits of his labors were to endure long after his disappearance from the field of his trials and privations.

In this truly Christian spirit, the rigors of our Maine winters were softened and as they gave place to the balmy days of Spring, Father Druillettes forwarded the report of his negotiations with the New England authorities to Quebec.

In the Jesuit Journal, the original manuscript of which is carefully treasured in Laval University at Quebec, under date of May 29th, 1651, we find the following entry: "The shallop returns from Quebec and brings letters from Father Druillettes, from New England."

The close of May would certainly be as early as couriers could easily reach the Canadian metropolis, for the ice rarely leaves the lakes and ponds along the way much before the middle of the month..

While doubtless intending to visit his brethren on the St. Lawrence in the course of the Spring, the Jesuit father evidently delayed his departure, not so much for the ease of the journey as for the sake of his neophites along the Kennebec, all of whom he wished to visit before leaving them for a short sojourn with his associates at Sillery. This delay also gave him the opportunity of having an interview with his Puritan friend, John Winslow, who had just returned to Cushnoc after having spent the winter at Plymouth.

The Plymouth agent apparently hopeful as to the success of the Father's mission among the New England governors the early days of the preceding winter, held out encouraging assurances to the Catholic missionary who now judged that he might with profit hasten his departure. It was on the 6th of June, 1651, that he arrived at the Jesuit Asyle on the St. Lawrence to report in person the hopeful results of his New England mission. Though his garments were torn and tattered, though emaciated in body he was yet vigorous in spirit for the

promising harvest in the vineyard of the Lord along the Kennebec. But a few days were consequently given to bodily repose, for "the Journal" on June 22, 1651, tells us that "Father Druillettes, Monsieur Godfrey and Jean Guerin leave with the Abnaquois and a Sokquinois for New England; seven or eight canoes. Noel Tekwerimat (Negabamat) is of the party."

Instead of taking the time traveled path up the Chaudiere, through Lake Magantic by the sources of Dead river, across Carry pond to the Kennebec, the guides decided to take a new and what was for them an evidently untried way.

Father Druillettes' third journey thus nearly ended in disaster, for as the Relations tell us, "after having rowed and walked for fifteen days by torrents and through many frightful ways," they finally came to realize that they had mistaken their course and that instead of navigating as they had supposed the head waters of the Kennebec, they were well down the St. John perhaps as far as Madawaska.

The usual time allowed for a journey from the St. Lawrence to the Kennebec had now expired, and their two weeks' supply of provisions were already consumed thus rendering their condition little short of desperate, for how could they expect to exist whilst covering the many miles through intricate forests along swollen streams back to the source of the Kennebec? Ascending the St. John against its current demands the best nourished and sustained strength. How was it now possible for them to push their frail barken canoes up the rapidly descending river in their already weakened and famine-exhausted condition? True they might live on game then abounding in our forests, but we must remember that there were times when it was not easily obtained. It was now mid-summer, and the Indians stealthy as they were did not have the deep snow to aid them in capturing any of the wild animals then so plentiful in our State.

The hovering clouds of dispair though darkly lowering about them nevertheless as is frequently the case, had a silver lining, for there was still one resource left them, the last one remaining to man however sore his straits may be,—that of prayer, for whether on land or sea, when all else fails us, hard is the heart that does not naturally turn towards its Creator. Such was the case with our discouraged and unfortunate pilgrims; but however discouraged his attendants may have been, there are no indications that the Apostle of Christ lost heart. He had with him that which had been his constant weapon of success, prayer; he also had his portable chapel with him. In the hands of his dear Lord, carrying His cross and message to the Unbeliever, the consolations of His holy faith to His loving children along the Kennebec, there was no reason why he should like

the others distrust or murmur against the will of his Divine Master.

Selecting a secluded spot here in the heart of the virgin forest, perhaps under the sheltering branches of some primeval pine, Father Druillettes there erected his humble altar to offer thereon in the midst of the forest solitude the Eternal Sacrifice, that clean oblation offered to Almighty God in propitiation of His wrath so justly merited by man, in petition and humble supplication for a renewal of His favors. "The end of his sacrifice," says Father Ragueneau in the Relations, "was the end of their want. As he was leaving the Altar, a valiant Catechuman who had plunged into these forest-depths to seek some remedy for their famine, came to offer him three moose or elks which he had just killed." The ascending sacrifice from the Altar of the Lord, as is ever the case, had in an unlooked for way brought its blessings. The salvation of the little party astray in the wilds of Northern Maine was now assured. Sufferings without number might yet be in store for them, but their ultimate arrival among the Abenaquois villages, the goal of their efforts, now appeared within their grasp.

The scene of this the first mass in Northern Maine, must ever remain unmarked. Today, it may perchance be within the bounds of some one of our Catholic thriving towns along the St. John river, perchance even the site of one of our beautiful churches in fertile Aroostook where the graces of the Lord descend as abundantly on the hearts of His children in the Faith, as they did from this the first Altar erected in this section of our State.

"This manna restoring life to them, was not received without astonishment and thanksgiving." Refreshed with their venison feast, the work of ascending the river St. John to its source thence to the Kennebec, was at once undertaken. "The shallows, stones, rocks and portages of five or six leagues that were to be encountered, so daunted an Etechemin Savage of the party that he wished with all his heart to turn back on the country of the Abnaquiois, in order to follow the current of the river, and go to Pentagouet in Acadia, where this stream empties into the ocean. When the Catechumen of whom I have just spoken represented to him the displeasure he would cause the Abnaquiois, who had been so long a time awaiting their Patriarch, he took heart again.

But on the third day, this poor Etechemin lost heart a second time; and although he was well aware that the father had not led them astray or involved them in these detours, yet regarding him as the primary cause of this undertaking, he discharged upon him every moment the weight of his anger, which grew sharper as their difficulties and sufferings increased.

At last in order to appease this importunate fellow, the father was obliged to part with his companion and abandon his little baggage, to lighten their gondola. This done, that man of ill humor took the bit in his teeth, as the saying is,—paddling in the torrents and making his way over the portages with the Father and his Catechumin, without taking any rest from morning till night.

The poor Father set out at daybreak, and toiled on without eating, until nightfall; his supper was a little of that smoked meat, hard as wood,—or a small fish if he could catch one with his line; and after saying his prayers, the ground was his bed, a log his pillow. Yet with all that, he slept more sweetly than those who do naught but dream upon feathers and down.

At length, after 23 or 24 days of hard work, they arrived at one of the villages of the Abnaquiois, called Nazanchouak."

One of the favorite trips much in favor with our summer tourists today is to take a canoe at Kineo, go up Moosehead to Northeast Carry, thence along the Penobscot to the head of Chesuncook Lake passing on over to Chamberlain and so on from Lake to Lake down the course of the winding Allegash to the St. John River. With experienced and skillful guides, the trip at its best is a most trying one, one which perhaps the "Sport" or "Rusticator" would not care to repeat. Father Druillettes and his party perchance returned by this same route in July 1651. But how changed is it today. The same streams yet roll onward in their course towards old ocean; the same sharp stones yet ripple the river's sparkling waters; but the woodman's ax has long since felled the forest primeval, thus robbing them of those beauties which must have greeted the first European as he worked his frail canoe up or down their turbulent courses.

The trip today is one of pleasure; it was then one of duty. Today it is one on which is taken everything that will conduce to the tourist's comfort; then it was one made where even the merest necessities were wanting. Today the pleasure seeker on this trip enjoys his nightly repose in a hammock hung beneath his canvas tent; for Father Druillettes, "the ground was his bed, a log his pillow."

Obituary Notices

James Watson Pendleton died at his home, No. 12 Allyn street, June 28th, after a ten days' illness with a complication of diseases induced by a severe attack of acute indigestion. He was born on the Brackett road in Belfast, Oct. 26, 1837, the eldest child of the late Richmond and Nancy Watson Pendleton. In very early childhood he went to Islesboro with his parents and remained there until 1861. In September, 1861, he joined Company H, of the 8th Maine Volunteers and served 3 years and 9 months, with the exception of a short furlough spent at home. It was only after his physical strength failed that his friends could induce him to apply for a pension. He was a member of Thos. H. Marshall Post, G. A. R. When the war with Mexico came up the old-time spirit returned to him and he longed to go to the scene of activities. For years he followed the sea, and on giving up that occupation became a rigger and ship carpenter. Mr. Pendleton was an upright, honest man, and enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He was unusually fond of children and was always happy in making them boats and toys. He had been in better health this spring than for some years until this ill turn. He had the constant and tender care of his two daughters who lived at home. In September, 1861, he married Miss Bedelia M. Leary of Islesboro, who went to Augusta with him for the ceremony, he going directly to the front and his bride returning home alone. His wife and their eldest son, James W., are deceased. Three daughters and a son, Martha M. Pendleton, Mary C. Colcord, Agnes A. Darby and Francis X., all of Belfast, and two brothers and three sisters, Nathan and George, Miss Christiana Pendleton, Mrs. Lydia Jane Davis and Mrs. Sarah Hatch, all of Islesboro, survive to mourn the loss of a true father and brother. He was a loyal and devoted member of St. Francis church, from which the services took place Tuesday at 9 A. M., Rev. Father John E. Kealey of Waterville officiating.

The Republican Journal.

On Tuesday, June 16, a pioneer of the Faith in Maine, Mrs. Elizabeth Casey, of Kennebunkport, was laid to rest. Mrs. Casey was the widow of Thomas Casey. She was a pioneer in the faith in the true sense of the word, coming to Kenne-

bunkport over seventy years ago, leading the way for the little army of Catholics who followed her soon after to this Puritanical village on the bluffs of the Maine coast.

She and her husband were among the first, if they were not the very first, Catholics to inhabit this once famous shipbuilding village and now far-famed watering place. Descendants of good old Irish stock with the faith of their fathers in their souls and the blood of martyrs coursing in their veins, they always stood by their Church and held for the religion of their forbears. Many a skirmish she had to encounter from hostile unbelievers, but she always withstood this onslaught and by the steadfastness of her faith and her kind disposition conquered their narrow-minded intolerance, until at length, she became the most beloved woman in the community.

Her home was always open to friends; a "cead mila failthe" were extended to the ministers of the Lord and her table was always loaded with plenty for the needy. In her parlor the first sacrifice of the Mass celebrated in this section was offered. In it, too, confessions were heard and the Bread of Angels distributed. She was truly the mustard seed of the Gospel, which she watered into life and nourished and cultivated, until now it is a large tree. She had the happiness of seeing a beautiful church take the place of her little parlor where the Holy Sacrifice is daily offered and where throngs of devout Catholics kneel to the worship of the one true God.

In recognition of the worth and out of respect for the memory of this valiant woman, a Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated at her funeral in St. Martha's Church. Priests from distant parts of the State attended to pay their last tribute. The officers of the Mass were, Rev. M. J. Kenealy of Kennebunkport, celebrant; Rev. T. P. Linehan, P. R., of Biddeford, deacon; Rev. J. M. Harrington of Orono, subdeacon; and Rev. T. C. Maney of Dexter, master of ceremonies.

Fathers Linehan and Harrington were old friends of the deceased and the latter said Mass in her house away back in the eighties. He also knew the family better, perhaps, than any priest of the State and, at the request of the pastor delivered the funeral oration. He ended his discourse as follows: "May she rest in peace, and may Kennebunkport produce many more such as she, to keep the faith which she brought to the village bright and perennial."

The Pilot.